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Burning blood

[fire](#) [dragon](#) [blood](#)

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Chapter 1 by Alifian

Irvin's red and flaming eyes looked down at Hädver with their untameable fury. Hädver could feel the breath of the other, fatigued and hasty, but powerful, run over him with anger and with the deepest hatred.

Below their feet was a flat of burnt and smoking ground. The skin mantle of a wizard, covering the ashes of its former owner, was the only thing dividing the two of them.

"You, come here." ordered Irving, with a voice that seemed coming from the depths of the earth. Now that some minutes had passed, now that Irvin no longer felt that impulsive and uncontrollable desire he had felt, that desire to kill, out of disgust and contempt, that idiot of a boy whom he had been obliged to save against his will and who was now in front of him; indeed now that the boiling blood in his veins' need for violence had been tamed by time and reason, Irvin expected the truth.

Hädver was still alive, something that he was just starting to realise. He had been betrayed by people in whom he had put all of his trust, something he had realised too late. He owed his life to someone who looked just like the boy he was. Yet, he had just seen that boy explode in a bomb of fire, fire that was still burning angrily in his eyes.

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had created in the forest. "When my blood is cooled down, it will take me days to recover, days! And you are just a stupid insect of a boy. Why did I save you?"

He looked at Hädver with attention, as if he was looking for something in him. For a fraction of a second, Hädver could see a flash of weakness in his eyes, taking for an instant the place of fury and hatred. Something beyond anger was worrying him.

"I can't believe it. Ragdir!" he screamed, apparently to the air, "Can you see what a useless thing you made me save? He's not the one we are looking for." He was clearly disappointed and disgusted by what he saw in Hädver.

"You, you can just deem yourself very lucky. Goodbye forever."

He collected the mantle from the ground and wore it, and then he turned around, after expressing his hatred in a grimace for the last time.

"We'll have to start it all over again, and I will be weak for days."

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"I say it is him" said the dragon, "he's with the gryphon."

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